### Unique Avocation of a Philanthropic Hungarian Stumbled on a Rich Claim, Almost Lost It in His Declares He Will Enforce the Profibition Law In-Banker in the Slav District of Pennsylvania.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. George Slaine, Hungarian banker and Slav interpreter of the Criminal Court of Westmoredand County, Pennsylvania. has fully earned the title of "Judge," without ever having

law is that of common sense. Greensburg is in the heart of the Slav district, Thousands of miners have no idea of the rights of themselves and their fellow-citizens under the law. They are abrupt, suspicious and tax in morals. They quarrel with great forquency and make all norts of unusual trades. New and then they sell or exchange wives. For wives are regarded there as conveniences, and every spring large numbers of Hungarian girls are brought over and quickly taken for wives to the men. These girls do not always stick to their promises to marry the first men they meet. And this is the cause of most of the Bugation before "Judge" Shine,

held a commission as notary, Alderman or Squire. He con-

ducts a court in which there are no lawyers, and the only

The "Judge" has no regular courtroam. When a com-plaiment seeks his advice he blunders right into the "Judge's" banking-house and begins the recital of his-or her, for there are many quarrots among the women-bill of complaint. The "Judge" hears both sides, talks pence, and in the majority of cases persuades them to drop the matfer. One case he had was that of a man who had exchanged wives with another man, with a pair of boots he "hoot," The exchange was made, but the boots were nor forthcoming. Another case was that of a Slay whose sweet heart had jilted him after he had got a marriage license. He. wanted to have her put in prison until she paid blm gre. The "Judge" talked him into a good humor, and now the young man is married to another girl.

"My reason for taking up this business-from which I get no financial returns was to keep my fellow-countrymen out of the bands of lawyers and magistrates, who too often encourage instead of discourage litigation. I have saved them many dollars in lawyers' and court fees and have prevented many serious affairs. I cannot fine them, of course, but I do the next best thing-I persuade them to give a small



The "Judge" hears both sides, talks peace, and in the unjority of eases persuades them to drop the matter,

# COURT WITHOUT LAW OR LAWYERS. BLIND LUCK OF AN IRISH MINER. PREACHER-SHERIFF AND HIS PLANS. EAGLE AND SPIKE BUCK FIGHT. WHY D'ARVILLE QUITS THE STAGE

## Excitement, and Is Now a Wealthy Man-Real Life Romance.



He looked down at the impediment and then shouted for joy.

WEITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Barney Murphy, a young Irishman, is the talk of the California mining district at present, for Europy has just found a paying gold mine. It is rich and exally worked, and he has already taken out about \$50,000, with \$175,000 more oming to him on November 39.

Harney lives in Los Angeles. Four months ago he was a carter and thought himself looky with \$15 a month and so extrac. Then he got the mining fever. With a chesp outsit be started for the hills on the Ris Colorado, sixty miles south of the southern boundary of Urah, and when he got there he began prospecting. He had been among miners long chough to know something of one when he saw it, but he did not know very much about how to look for it. He was persevering, though, and disappointments did not dis-

Pure buck was at the bottom of his hig find, however, and then after he made it he came near boding it. One morning about three months ago Barney went out to hunt qualt. He was walking along without a thought of gold-for he had a buge appetite for quall-when he stumbled over a rock. He looked down at the impediment and then shouted for joy. He recapilied it as "live rock," and without further thought of quall or appetite picked it up and started for camp. Therehe picked at it with his hammer and examined the chippings under a microscope. He was more than satisfied with the results of his examination; there was no doubt that there was a lot of gold to that rock. So he started out immediately to stake off his claim.

But Barney in his excitement had forgetten to note the exact location of his find. For several hours he bunted around in vain for it; every much he entered, every hill he climbed proved to be the wrong one. It was nearly night before be caucht a glimpse of a rock that looked like the one he had stumbled over, and when he exemined more closely he knew that he had found his Eldorado,

It was too dark to do any work then, so Barney satdown in the midst of the rocks, lighted his pipe and smoked for the whole night. The next merning he staked his claim and began to gather up the rocks, which have been yielding from \$35 to \$50 a ton and have made blin rich

## discriminately, and No Political Boss Can Whisper "Let Up."

WEITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY RESURFACE.

Comberland County, Maine, in which Portland is shouted, will soon have the affairs of its Sheriff's office managed by a regularly ordained minister. He is nondenominational, but has for years been engaged in mission work in Portland.

Recently Comberland County elected the Reverend S. F. Pearson to the office of Sheriff. If was a contest between the Prohibitionists and the anti-Prohibitionists, and the Probibliconists wen, Mr. Pearson was outspoken against the liquor traffic before the election, and he is equally outspoken against it now. He declares that there are 416 liquor dealers in Portland and perhaps 200 others in the county, and all of these, he says, will have to close up shop when he

The liquor dealers take the Reverend Sheriff elect retiously, and it is predicted that not one of them will refuse to close up before Mr. Pearson takes charge of the office.

"I am not a crank nor a fanatic," says Mr. Pearson. "I have an idea, however, that it is the duty of an officer of the law to enforce the law to the letter, and that is what I propose to do. There was no intention when the Maine prohibition law was framed to discriminate between the swell old salans, with their this, their cocktalls, slings, cobblers, runners, juleps and shandy gaffs, and the low groggeries where whisks of the 'endertakers' hope' variety is sold. One is as evil as the office, and when I take office. every burrown and kitchen groggery in the county will have to go out of business. I am not affiliated with any party, and no political bass

will be justified in whispering that up.

Mr. Pearson has established a reputation in Portland for actical charity. His Thanksgiving dinners to the poor have helped to gain for him this reputation. These dinners. differ from the regulation charity Thanksgiving dinners in that the recipients are emabled to enjoy them at home. Eight hundred families were supplied in this way last year. Each family received one turkey, two chickens, twenty-five pounds of flour, one peck of potatoes, one pound of ten, two pounds of coffee, five pounds of sugar and the vegetables necessary to remplete the dinner and leave a little for future use,



"Where whisky of the 'undertakers' hope variety is sold."

### ter of the Battle When Hunters Interfered.



As the deer emerged from the tangle of brushes the eagle swooped at him again.

WHITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

An eagle with an eight-foot spread of wing tried in vain the other day to carry off a spike buck in the Pine Hill country. He swooped down upon the buck, perched upon his back, tore at him with beak and talons, and had him nearly exhausted when the buck ran under a low-hanging branch and disjodged his termenter. The eagle was returning to the attack, and the buck was making every possible effort to kill it with his sharp-pointed hoofs, when two hunters, Charles Lefevre and Joe Gunning, began firing on the eagle. They did not kill the bird, but after they had torn a tuft from one of its wings it flew away. Lefevre thus tells of the fight:

"We had hunted all morning without any luck and were returning to camp along the ridge, when we observed, circling high in the air above the glades, what we thought was a giant buzzard. We stopped and watched the bird's actions. Each circle that it made brought it closer to a patch of wild oats in the center of the glade,

"With a sudden swoop and closed wings the bird dived into the deep grass and the next instant the bird and a spike buck were in conflict. We crawled to within 200 yards of the spot and saw that the deer's assailant was a large eagle, The deer plunged down the bill, the eagle perched upon his shoulders and with beak and talons tearing at his hide and flesh. Plunging into a small eak bush the buck scraped the hard from his back, but only for an instant. As the deer emerged from the tangle of branches the eagle swooped at blin again. The buck, that had now ceased its bleating, reared up and with its ragorlike forehoofs struck at the winged enemy hovering close above,

"What the result of the battle might have been is hard to say. We could stand the sight no longer and opened a brisk fire with our rifles on the king of birds. One of the bullets plowed away a hatful of feathers and then the cagie soared away. We left the buck undisturbed."

# Career Would Suffer, but Her Married Life Would.

WEITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. Camille D'Arville, opera singer, who has recently married, declares she will quit the stage-not that married life

unfits her for stage work, but that a continuation of stage ; work would unfit her for married life. Miss D'Arville insists upon looking at the question from

the "other side." She admits it. "If I thought home and stage life could be successfully combined," she says, "I might try. Thinking to the contrary, I have chosen between the two. When the artist, journalist, stenographer or milliner renounces her vocation. for the highest profession-domestic life-the world nods its approval. But let an actress confess any such intention, and instead of the usual 'God bless you,' it is 'Heaven help you.' Granted that actresses usually do make a mess of matrimony, isn't it because they, as a rule, attempt to combine stage and home life? It is about as easy as mixing oil and

"Why single out actresses and broad them as incompetents from a matrimonial standpoint? I believe that eny woman who pursues a profession after marriage makes a miserable fallure of it, Most professional doors open into the divorce court. The woman doctor, lawyer or journalist is not any more immune than the actress. Very few of them lead happy married lives if they continue their vocations after marriage.

"It is rarely that a woman earning her own living keeps her disposition free from rough edges. I have met them by the score-professional women who are attempting matri-mony with more or less success-usually less. They have to quit either one or the other. They usually quit matrimony instead of divorcing themselves from their professions and giving marriage a fair chance.

"Just before I left New York to come to San Francisco I took afternoon tea with an actress who stands at the top rung of the ladder. A young woman who edits a popular magazine raised the question of professional women marrying. There were five of us-each one, perhaps, a fair representative of her chosen life work. We came to the conclusion that marriage does not handleap a woman in her profeesion, but a profession seriously interferes with married life. It isn't the career that suffers when a woman marries; it is the home that gets the worst of the bargain."



CAMILLE D'ARVILLE.